twenty or thirty years hence. Prof. Levasseur recognizes that the force which has carried forward American industry so rapidly, and carried it so high, is far from being exhausted. He foresees that Americans will continue to found many great industrial establishments, to enlarge those which exist and, in enlarging them to resort more and more to consolidation. As the expansion of the industrial unit shall necessitate larger capital, greater use will be made of the joint stock company, with its triple advantage of limiting individual risks, opening industrial investments to small savings and facilitating the accumulations of vast amounts of money. At the same time, American industry will continue to improve its equipment by taking advantage of the new discoveries of science, by increasing the employment of machinery and by thus introducing an increasingly intense industrial concentration. Machinery, concentration, combination of capital: these three things indicate the line of development which American industry will pursue in the first quarter of the twentieth

the usefulness of the author's investigations

by marking some of his conclusions with regard to the near future of American industry.

by which is meant the period beginning

Our French author also foresees that, although Americans possess within their own boundaries what is possibly the most important market in the world, they will take a larger part than heretofore, and with good prospects of success, in the struggle for foreign markets, in order to extend their field of production with the multiplication of their outlets; they will aspire to become a great exporting nation, without relinquishing, however, the profitable duties upon imports. It is true that some manufacturers in Europe have denied the possibility of a large expansion of the American export trade on the unds that the high wages prevalent in the United States present an insurmountable obstacle, and that American workmanship. being mechanical and uniform, is comparatively defective. Prof. Levasseur, on the contrary, points out that by the use of improved machinery the Americans have already ceeded in producing some articles very cheanly, and he can see no reason why corresponding improvements should not also be applied to the production of other commodities. Moreover, we have improved the quality of certain products, and there is noth-

ing to prevent further progress of this kind.

Let us, look at some of the consequences
of the development of industry which may be expected in the United States during the next two or three decades. In the first place our author has no doubt that gigantic fortunes will continue to be amassed, although, perhaps, less rapidly than in the second half of the nineteenth century, which has been so industrial improvements. American consumption, which has imparted so powerful a stimulus to American industry, will certainly not be diminished in the new century, because, within thirty years, the United States will probably have a hundred million inhabitants. Moreover, the average consumption, per capita, is at present greater than in Continental Europe, and there is no reason to believe that the standard of living. or its derivative, the total consumption, the American people will be lowered. In the second place, the urban population will assume greater proportions, and the influx of emigrants from Europe will continue although somewhat reduced by the diminution of the European birthrate, and, perhaps, by a slight decrease in the difference between European and American wages, Europe will continue to supply labor for a long time yet, and the attraction exerted by the superiority of American wages, even should this grow somewhat less, will not al-

together fail It is well known that many Socialists persist n describing the contemporary concentration of industry as the first step toward the suppression of the wage system. Prof. Levasseur maintains that this assertion is precisely the reverse of the truth. As concentration proceeds and industry develops, the employers decrease and the employees increase in number. The character of the employer, also, is changed, because, in most cases, the enterprise takes the form of a stock company and is managed by a board of directors inscead of a proprietor: the directors exercise the authority of an employer over the employees. This movement is obviously gathering momentum. Notwithstanding the changes due to the concentration of capital, our French economist is confident that the level of wages will remain high in the United States as compared with other countries. Will there be, however, a tendency to rise higher, or will there be a tendency to fall? This question is only answered conditionally. If the demand for labor in agriculture and manufactures shall not keep pace with immigration, wages may fall, and in a stretch of thirty years there seems to Prof. Levasseur to be about as much chance for a decline caused by a superabundance of labor as for an advance resulting from a productivity and distribution more favorable

to the wage-earner. The author of this book is keenly alive to the fact that the American workman, whose forefathers have lived in the United States for several generations, is of a superior type. The reasons for this superiority may be discerned in the high wages which have given in more refined habits of life than those of the average workman of Continental Europe, in the schools which mould him in a type identical with that of the bourgeois, and in the democratic character of the national institutions and customs. Prof. Lavasseur feels certain that this type of workman will persist, just as the general American type will persist, however great be the intermingling of the different and inferior stocks that make their way into American industry. Another outcome of the next two or three decades foreseen in the book before us is the prospect that, while the development and concentration of industry will have increased the number and proportion of wage-earners the democratic constitution of the country and the public schools will have strengthened the political influence and the political capacty of the laboring classes, both in municipal and federal affairs. Neither has Prof. Le-

that the legal recognition of trade unions imposes a serious responsibility upon them and upon the constituted uphelders of constitutional liberty. "If, without detracting from the services which the unions render their members, the courts succeed in preventing them from oppressing non-union workmen, and if education gives the unions a better understanding of the relations between labor and industrial enterprise, the laboring classes will enjoy at once the benefits of associations and those of freedom. If these conditions are not fulfilled, the unions will be a permanent menace to in-dustry, and will, necessarily, discourage en-terprise." It is just here that our French ist perceives one of the dangers of our future. "The labor union is a durable form of association, and praiseworthy in prin-ciple, but it menaces the freedom of the employer by assuming to interfere in the man-agement of his business, and threatens the freedom of the workman, by attempting to force him to submit to its laws and its leaders, both of which may be tyrannical. "Let us hope," Prof. Levasseur concludes, "that liberty itself will correct the abuses of the monopolistic tendency which issues from liberty. But success is entirely dependent upon the firm maintenance by the State of the rights of liberty."

Not About Bichard Crokes

Mr. Richard Croker has for so long a time been a marked character in the politics of New York city and of the Democratic party that many persons, New Yorkers and deni-sens of the outer wastes, must feel a natural and pardonable curiosity to know something about his life and career. He has been a factor that could be not left out of account even by people who would not think of calling him "the most potential figure of the greatest city of the greatest State of the greatest country of the world," and even a partisan blography of him might well be interesting Anticipations, which . regret to say will be wholly disappointed, are raised accordingly by "Richard Croker" by Alfred Henry Lewis (Life Publishing Company), one of the most extraordinary books which it has been our luck to come across. It contains an infin-itesimal account of Mr. Creker, but an intolerable deal of Mr. Lewis. It is like a bad dream; a city editor's nightmare of a new reporter who may have been let loose, regardless of space and facts and the English language and common sense, to set down in print without correction whatever passes through the organ he calls his brain. After reading it and looking at the imprint the purchaser may suspect that the book is intended for a huge practical joke on himself, but that is hardly likely. Of its 372 pages a dozen could easily contain all definite statements of fact about Mr. Croker, a few more would hold the author's appreciations of that gentleman, the rest are filled with heterogen statements by Mr. Lewis about everything under the heavens, theology, education, hirtory, political economy, persons other than Mr. Croker, in a strange jargon, which might be taken for an imitation of Carlylese if the printer had been more liberal with capital letters. Mr. Lewis is nothing if not laudatory. but he seems to fight shy of his subject and the mere mention of Mr. Croker's name sends him on the dead run in any direction that will take him away from him, "who can be no too-little subject for any tongue or pen. The volume is dedicated to the Hon. Oliver H. P. Belmont, who, in Mr. Lewis's estimation, is of a "temper fine enough to resist those moral delinquencies that are the seeds of a sweet destruction," and likewise "among the best examples of man, and a far nobler headland for our youth to steer by than is he who, adding to a healthful and coercive poverty some genius for voracity and to make prey, has conquered to himself a mountain of money to no good but his own." We hasten to explain that no sarcastic comparison between Mr. Belmont and Mr. Croker is intended here, but that the author is merely carried away by his own phrase withou any particular idea as to its meaning, as he is from beginning to end of his book. It is but fair to the author to state at one that he warns his reader of what he may expect. As early as page 26 he says: "This

to marvel at its long legs and erratic wanderings. I may as well vouchsafe a syllable of explanation. When I began, after some thought on that point of discursiveness. I took the bridle off and turned my pencil out to pasture. It will graze where God pleases, and where the grass of that moment grows best to its taste." No man could foresee, however, what Mr. Lewis would do on going to grass. Mr. Croker punches the head of a schoolfellow and brings down on us eight pages against civilization and education from Mr. Lewis; Mr. Croker, as every one knows, did not go to college, though he sent his sons, whereupon we get eight more pages assailing college training; Mr. Croker reaches the age of 20 years, which seems a good place to put in ten pages critie Church: Mr. Croker unluckily joins Tammany Hall and Mr. Lewis lands a sockdolager of eighty pages on history and politics and the Lord knows what. Not a word about Mr. Croker that every one does not know, and the known facts told inadequately; not a hint of personal acquaintance; not a glimpee of Mr. Croker in private, or as the owner of racehorses or as the Squire of Wantage. With Fire Commissioner Scannell the author seems to be on more intimate terms; at any rate, he does not fear to talk about him, and Mr. Scannell has good cause to pray to be saved from his friends. If the book is a biography at all it is as much that of Mr. Scannell as it is of Mr. Croker, and the Fire Commissioner is depicted far more vividly than is the Boss. Both men, as all know, had to stand trial for murder, and were acquitted by New York jurie; yet while Mr. Croker's case is slurred over in a few lines, a whole chapter in the most exuberant Old Sleuth style is devoted to Mr. Scannell's killing of Donahue. We venture to say that if Mr. Lewis's graphic account of the slaying could have been believed by any jury, his friend, Mr. Scannell, would have swung long ago for the cold-blooded crime. It is just as well for that gentleman, perhaps, that much of his friend's psychology s palpably the effusion of a too fertile imagination and would be excluded in any court of Queerly enough, the story of the omicide is decorated with a picture of the | Tammany statue that stands on the roof of

sketch, to say the least, is becoming highly ex-cursive. There will be those of its readers,

When Mr. Lewis fairly goes to grass it is hard to follow him. He has something to say about nearly everything under the sun, and what he says might much better have been left unsaid. Never does he drop the highpitched tone of cart-tail oratory. In one brief paragraph he compares Mr. Croker to Fabius, to Scipio, to Talleyrand, to Henry VIII., to Louis XI., to the "Bull of Burgundy. In three or four successive pages taken at random he drags in besides the Black Prince, the moon, Duns Scotus, Wyclif, Luther, Hannibal, Dan Voorhees, Æsop, Machia-velli, Charles I., Cromwell, Thrasymschus, Socrates, the Fox, the Chameleon, Sir Thomas More, Plato and Cardinal Wolsey. In Chapter XX., headed "The Trusts," he starts in with Bryan, switches off to originality, then to clothes, incidentally dropping these remarks: "When the sun goes down wear dress clothes. Evening clothes are the nost democratic of uniforms. They are rigid and put a limit to extravagance. They are a palladium; they prevent the billionaire from blotting one out with an opulence of costume. They are a best bulwark of Americanism." From the palladium and bulwark ne drifts to clubs and gambling and women. Meet as many beautiful and brilliant women as you can; seek for them as for lost treasure. increase in number and be improved in organization, and that they will continue the Excellent advice, but what in the world doze

Excellent advice, but what in the world doze

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gazing vacantly into the bowels of the subway. Instead of being melancholy, lackadaisical aght for more advantageous conditions, it have to do with Richard Croker? Thence It makes a man modest to spend a few days

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"there will be those to cavil for that I print interescopes of hextra power are to a blind of Richard Croker while he lives." He need asylum. Mr. Selous knows how to watch book that chiefly gratifles in Mr. Lewis what | notes. he calls "the unpent pleasure of saying what I thought and why I thought it." The book various ages, of Fire Commissioner Scannell. politics and with inside and outside views of the Tammany Hall and Democratic Club buildings. There is no picture of Mr. Lewis, however.

Bird Watching.

Mr. Edmund Selous loves to watch birds with the same patient enthusiasm that too many persons show in shooting 'em and still more persons in eating 'em. He is a modest fellow with no observations to make on the Theory of Tittlebats. "Observations" has much too much of a strut in it for him. He has seen some birds do some things. Those he tells about. He doesn't believe in a hogshead of hypothesis to every halfgill of fact. And he doesn't squirt Latin names at you. Thank the Lord for that! A bird in plain English sings as sweet. A bird in hog-dog-log Latin seems more remote, less realized, deader. But then, all the birds will be dead before many years. The sumphs who like to boast how many birds they have butchered are popping about the world, committing murder where suicide would be much more sensible; and the professors, as Mr. Selous says somewhere, are content if they have a dead bird. A specimen in a museum is enough for most of them. They can study it to advantage; and it is much less trouble to study it so than to lie mmersed in haystacks or twist your neck over cliffs or poke your eyes through brambles. Your professed ornithologist is usually anxious about the temperature of his poor feet. He wears several thicknesses of flannel about his precious throat. Out-of-door birds are a bother to the good soul. What is the use of shivering on a pond before dawn or roosting in the thickets? Birds are best appreciated his head and neck backward toward it. when the student is comfortable and he has dry clothes on.

Mr. Selous, whose "Bird Watching" has just been added to the "Haddon Hall Library" (d. M. Dent & Co.; Macmillans,) is no sedentary and open-grate-fire naturalist. He likes to be out in all weathers and at all hours. We are not sure that he can't walk along the perpendicular side of a cliff like a fly or one that | gathers samphire, dreadful trade! Undoubtedly he can burrow like a bunny or tunnel himself a nest like a kingfisher or a sand martin. He has the patience of Robert Bruce his spider and eyes like a bee, You rain spraying your face as you read him. It is sweet to take exercise by proxy, especially in the distresses of the dog days. The robins and the squirrels in the Central Park are too sophisticated, too theatrical, too essentially "property." It is good fun enough to watch them, but you can't doff the impression that they are a part of the show and that they get a pay envelope every Saturday. But take a pipe, the shade of the spreading beech or piazza or just an ordinary New York roomfor country cates are sweetest in the townand you are well off. The majority of us never find out anything for ourseives. We have to be told; and poor, second-hand stuff is most of the telling We doubt if an ordinary Manhattan cockney could see a pterodactyl, a roc or a fire drake even if it were pointed out to him. Eyes has he and sees not. Urban

not fear for he has printed precious little of | birds, and his book is made up in the main of onle will ask notes taken on the why put the name of Richard Croker to a dom as we sweetly please in turning over his Judas Iscariot, Richard the Third, the

amiable Borgia family and various other is decorated with portraits of Mr. Croker at | maligned personages have been "vindicated" by ingenious advocates. Mr. Selous clears of several persons prominent in Democratic the cormorant; and not by sophistries, but by facts. The cormorant has good ground for a suit for libel against the English language. He has been painted as a Robber Baron, a romping, reaving, ravening and rapacious desperado. Gripe the usurer, a terror and a tough. He is the Octopus, the curse of gold, the preyer upon the produc-ing classes. Give a bird a bad name. The cormorant lives on a stern and rockbound coast. He is not pretty. He hath a villainous, or rather, a sinister aspect. He is subdued to the element he dwells in, wild rock and sea. But handsome is as handsome does. The cormorant, Mr. Longfel low's "flerce cormorant" is a regular Quaker fowl, a model bird, "a winning and amiable character." If Milton's Satan on the Tree of Life sat like a cormorant, Milton's Satan had good hooked nose and a look of power. The cormorant, while necessarily unpopu lar in fish circles, is a respectable householder, gentle spouse, good parent. He "shines particularly in scenes of quiet do-mestic happiness." In short, an E. P. Roe, not an E. A. Poe. The cormorant will now make love to the cormorantess:

"Either at once from where he stands. or after first waddling a step or two, he makes an impressive jump or hop toward her and stretching his long neck straight up. or even a little backward, he at the same \$1.15 net. time throws back his head so that it is in one line with it, and opens his beak rather widely. In a second or so he closes it, and then he opens and shuts it again several times in succession, rather more quickly. Then he sinks forward with his breast on the rock, so that he lies all along it, and fanning out his small, stiff tail, sends it over his back while at the same time stretching till with his beak he sometimes seizes and apparently plays with the feathers. In this attitude he may remain for some seconds more or less, having all the while a languishing or ecstatic expression, after which he brings his head forward again, and then repeats the performance some three or four or perhaps a dozen times." Can the lovemaking idols of the stage with their Tarquin's ravishing strides and their look as of a sick monkey eating potash play the

lover's part half so well? What a deal of nonsense has been written about the nightingale. The poets have made can feel the wind painting your nose or the it a poet and have persistently misread its song. "Eternal passion, eternal pain!" A great body of excellent poetry has been founded on an erroneous theory. An English poet, a profound student of rhythm and rhyme, Mr. Robert Bridges, has spoken some of the few reasonable words that have been heard in regard to the song of nightingales Commenting on Keats's famous ode, Mr Bridges says that "the song of the nightingale is to the hearer full of assertion, promise and cheerful expectancy, and of pleading and tender, passionate overflowing in long and Mr. Selous warbling his bird notes wild drawn-out notes, interspersed with pienty of playfulness and conscious exhibitions of musical skill." Mr. Selous's nightingales frequently make a guttural sound which he frankly calls a rook. He finds the nightingale no lovelorn minstrel, but "a pleasingly, plump, cheerful, little brisk, active body * * * in a hunched-up, careless attitude, which had "long, thin and tubey tubby he was rather." Mew Bublications.

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How-chow, how-chow," the trick of the

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so as to lure the human intruder away from

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we note Mr. Selous's denial of the assertion of certain natural history books that the he ostrich aione runs the incubator. have lived on an ostrich farm," says Mr. Selous, "and (unless I am dreaming) ridden round it every afternoon in order to feed the hens, who had till then been sitting on the eggs and were often still to be seen so Until further notice let the vindi-

cation of the hen ostrich stand. The proofreader is a little perfidious sometimes to Mr. Selous's French and Italian, and what is "parva si magnis licet comparare?" Is it the "si parva licet componere magnis" of the Georgics?" The book has some excellent photogravures, for which hero and the narrator of the story. The city

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mock in "A Drone and a Dreamer" (J. P. Taylor & Co.). It is a pleasant tale for summer reading and may supply vicariously to those compelled to stay in the city the delights of rural surroundings. There are many pretty descriptions of the country in the book and one well-drawn character, the stout, middle-aged gentleman who is the people are well sketched out and would be living if the author had kept up his interest in them. The country people, on the other Mr. Nelson Lloyd, who has already tried hand, are drawn with coarse lines of farce his hand at country stories in the "Chronic and iar with the light comedy tone that is more advantageous conditions, it have to describe the local state of t higher wages, &c. It is pointed out, however, and trusts and the protective tariff we mean- men whose eyes are to the ordinary eye as a weight Wagnerian heroines whom we have